

SHACKLETT

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

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At this point Rev. Mr. Barnes put in his own air, and said, in the grave, emphatic, around voice which betokened his cloth more than did his dress: "Yes, senator, we believe that you will aid us because you know it to be the thing to round out your career as a statesman. You have been honored as highly as can be attained by any man, but if you end your political life by rescuing the State of your beginning in life from the political ring, which nobody has succeeded in downing thus far, it will be a fitting close for the career of a politician and a glorious end for the political life of a true statesman."

Shacklett did not smile as he quietly asked: "You have not yet told how your own machine expects to use me to break the other one into bits. It strikes me that in any event it would involve considerable work upon my part, with little chance of success and the production of many antagonisms with men who are now my friends. I do not think I care to play Moses at such a price and with so little hope of winning out. You know, Mr. Barnes, that Moses spent forty years at his job, and you know, general, that it takes a long time to carry a strongly fortified position."

At the cool reference to their own machine the general winced, and the preacher made a gesture of dissent. It was the latter who answered Shacklett:

"But, senator, if we have been harmless as doves in the eyes of the ring thus far we have now become wise as serpents. Our plan was devised to avoid antagonisms and to capture the citadel somewhat more like the Greeks were led into Troy than like Moses led the Hebrews into the promised land."

"We have confidence that you are a man who will give us the representative government that we desire. We are willing and anxious to throw our whole strength to you in the right time, and we are anxious to be when the machine is trying to nominate you for Governor. To be perfectly frank we want you to become the machine candidate for the nomination, with the full assurance that whatever we say about you in advance every vote we have in the convention will be cast for you on the first ballot."

Shacklett reached over for the cigars. He turned his eyes toward his visitors that they might not see the twinkle in them, for here was a situation capable of surprising the oldest schoolmaster in practical politics. He slowly cut off the end of a cigar, pushed the box toward the general with a motion of command to him and a gesture of understanding toward the preacher, watched the match burn almost to his fingers, lit his cigar and poured out several dense clouds before he spoke.

"Gentlemen," he said, "allow me to say that in the present condition of things in the party your scheme does credit to you as workers to a degree that fairly takes away my breath. For the first time I think that the machine is being taken by the head and a half against the most dangerous opposition it ever had. If executed with the same skill that has been used in its planning your scheme would probably win. I am duly grateful for the confidence and honor you show me. But I am out of politics permanently for a reason which is purely personal and which is insuperable. It is not necessary to continue this conversation, even enough for me to ask what pledges you would require of the candidate whom you would use as a wooden horse at the convention."

"We picked out a man we were willing to take unpledged. There is no other in the State, and if your dedication stands our roses, sir," the general said. "But, senator, we can't take it as a declaration, and we'll still hope that a little more consideration will induce you to accept the offer we make you. Of course, only about a dozen of us know anything about it, and the facts will never leak out."

Shacklett walked over to the mantle and brushed the ashes from his cigar into a tray there. He remained standing as he replied that he seldom changed his mind, and his visitors took their leave with careful courtesy from both sides.

"It's a magnificent scheme," Shacklett told his wife, "and it makes the old quiver come into my nerves, but it involves too much work for me now. The fact is, I find I'm growing very indolent."

"Too lazy to obstruct the machine?" she said in a curious tone.

"That's the mistake that people make, my dear; exactly where they make a mistake. They try to stop the machine when they ought to use it for their own ends. It's just like a big thrashing machine on a farm. You can clutch the driving belt, and the only result will be that you'll get hurt. The machine goes on taking in weeds and chaff, and pouring out a cloud of dirt and the petiferous seeds to grow in the fields the next year."

"But, if you wait until the men are off your guard, you can slip in a shock of wheat behind their backs, and that same machine will send out No. 1 hard ready for the next step of milling it into the finest flour you ever saw to sustain the body."

"It's exactly the same way with political machines. I've no sympathy with the people that think they can knock the machine in their own party into smithereens by exploding a firecracker under it or by all pull-

ing together on the driving belt. The machine that's accomplishing anything at all is so well oiled, and has such a power behind it, that you can't choke it down with paper walls, whether they are of the old style white kind, or the more recent Australian multi-column, stalls-at-a-county-fair variety. But if you're smart enough, you can catch the chief engineer napping sometimes, and slip in some good men on him, and that same machine will send out officers of high character ready for the next step of official acts that will be the best nutriment for the body politic."

"But here you've drawn me into a speech on politics when I'm out of politics. It's too much trouble, for anybody with cuteness enough to do it, to lie out nights and Sundays to catch the machine men off their guard. Personally, I'd prefer to hire to the boss at regular wages, and work for promotion in the regular gang."

Since she had been living again at The Heights, where she spent her girlhood and decided the great questions which troubled her then, Mrs. Shacklett felt more like the Mary Stoddard of other days than at any time since her marriage. There had come back the same trust in men, women and things, characteristic of youth, which she had entirely lost, for the nonce, by the end of her husband's term in the Senate in Washington.

"The perspective is different now," she said to her husband, "and looking from the banks of the Mississippi to the banks of the Potomac, I can't see why one may not be in politics and be a true man at the same time." Shacklett shrugged his shoulders, the least bit, and brushed back the lock of hair from his forehead. "In the old days," she continued, "looking from the Potomac to the Mississippi, I could not see a way to be successful in politics and retain the self-respect that my father had—and that all of us have in the Middle West." Shacklett's eyes were vacant, and turned to the misty forest on the distant Missouri bluffs. Mrs. Shacklett went on: "I suppose that the note of wickedness so close to my eyes in Washington obscured the wide breadth of goodness so far away out here. And, of course, it does not take much goodness to stand hand here to cover the same view as the great mass of badness at the capital."

"You are talking of two extremes," said Shacklett.

"Yes," she smiled; "and the golden truth lies in the mean between them, of course."

"Most results are compromises," he suggested, "and we've got to make a compromise between Washington and Warsaw in our lives and our actions. But when we undertake to compromise with the devil, his majesty always asserts his ability to grab the whole thing."

"It seems to me," she answered, "that our own lives—yours and mine—are not a compromise, but an average. We're living the combination of heredity and environment as characterized by the machine and the creature molded almost entirely by its surroundings. You're a strong force, determined before your birth by the resultant of the characters of your father and your mother. Both heredity and environment are working out their results in us, each in its most susceptible object. Our lives are one, and the resultant of both influences, if you become Governor, and I can stay in Illinois and come here often, I shall be kept close to the right."

"That all sounds very well," said her husband, "and is rather convincing, but you've left out the strongest element of all. What has pushed aside both heredity and environment, and dominates the whole situation, is love and love is to be taken as we find it, without philosophy, science, analysis, or even much description—he was looking at her with shining eyes—"my decisions are all based upon the one fundamental principle of love for you."

"And what about woman's whole existence?" his wife replied. "Just as we are united, it seems to me now that politics and righteousness can be married and amalgamated. My happiness depends upon your happiness and success, Noel, and I feel strong enough now to withstand anything."

Shacklett again brushed back the lock of hair, and in the action Mrs. Shacklett detected the war-horse smelling the battle afar off. She did not take long to determine that she would have him return to his own proper sphere of action. She told him she would write him with new ideas and new inspiration to hold them both up in the sunlight while traveling over the bog where there was much good to be done by the right people with skill and good motives combined.

"Why not go into it just for auld lang syne?" she said. "I'm going to skate to Keokuk as sure as next winter comes. Let's not dismiss the old pleasures entirely and settle down to be people without a past."

Shacklett laughed with a true ring. "You're sure of yourself, then. But you were sure of yourself the other time, weren't you? I left politics because my better-half said she found it necessary in order to preserve her own self-respect, and now the burnt child seeks the candle again, eh? My dear, the first maxim in politics is to take no more chances than can be avoided. Come here and kiss me, and tell me about Mrs. Gordon's campaign for president of the woman's club."

Out on the lawn of The Heights, overlooking the Mississippi river, the conversation wandered into other topics, for Mrs. Shacklett did not like to recall some experiences on this same bluff which marked her own entrance into the whirl of politics. She was glad she had become engaged to marry the man who knew enough about politics to secure the senatorship from a mountain State, but in some details of the subsequent proceedings she had been a fool, and she knew it. So they talked of the boats and the lumber rafts, the Iowa and Missouri scenery on either side of the Des Moines, which

joined the father of waters at their feet, and of the sources of the rivers that joined to make the mighty and moody Mississippi.

[To Be Continued.]

THE EVOLUTION OF A STATESMAN

BY WALTER BARR

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BALLOON-BUILDING INDUSTRY.

—Features of the Trade.

New York Evening Post.

Probably the public knows as little about balloon-building as any other industry in the country. And this is not surprising, when one considers that few persons ever stop to think of it as an industry. So vague an idea have persons on the value of a balloon that they doubt the man who found himself with a second-hand balloon in his possession would anathematize his luck, and give the first offer, \$5 to cart it away.

And yet, if the balloon was of silk and in good condition, you could get from \$4,000 to \$5,000 for it, and if it was cotton, about \$200. The same balloons, new, would cost only \$3,500 and \$375, respectively, but the balloon, unlike any other commodity in the universe, improves under use, and gains steadily in value until "old age" sets in. "Old age" comes in about four years, and no aeronaut has yet found out what causes it. Little holes no larger than pin pricks appear, and grow and grow until the whole bulb assumes the appearance of a sponge. The decomposition supposedly comes from the action on the fibers of silk, cotton, or the chemicals used in coating them to an air-proof condition.

The coatings, as a rule, are lined out, but there are many things mixed with this, and every balloon maker has his secret combination which he seldom reveals. The too, each has his own way of cutting out his balloons, for in balloon building there are no such things as patterns. The delicate cutting and absolutely perfect stitching is done by rule of thumb, and a two-foot stick marked with 100 even subdivisions is the rule generally used.

To make a balloon silk is the first thing to be considered. Only one firm imports from China the required brand, and a bolt of it containing forty yards weighs only four pounds and is valued at \$1,000. This silk is as delicate in appearance as the flimsiest handkerchief, and it is also so strong that few men can, with their fingers, tear a piece in two. Besides this, it is waterproof. After the silk, the "barn" or building is next to be considered. The "barn" must be at least six feet high with no floors in it. The silk is hung over the roof poles and painted with the aeronaut's own composition, which, incidentally, usually contains a lot of arsenic, and the great object is to keep it dry for four days, and then it is cut into half segments of the size demanded. This is where the rule of thumb comes in. The hole left at the top for the valve fits to the one-thousandth part of an inch, and unless every segment matches every other to a hair's breadth, a few thousand dollars' worth of material and energy have been thrown away, for the balloon as an airship is worthless.

The stitching is done on an ordinary sewing machine, and the sewing is done with a thread is used. Three rows of stitching go to each seam, and the seams are flat and inlaid. After the sewing is all done, the balloon is turned inside out, so that there can be no possible ridge for the ropes of the net that supports the car to chafe the silk. Then the great bag is placed over a "blower," a bellows operated by a wheel, and inflated with hydrogen gas. It leaves the ground a gang of "coaters" stand around it and give it a coat of sizing, transferring the original dainty appearance of the China silk to a dingy yellow brown. This should make the balloon "hold itself," that is, keep its full shape and not sag in the floor, and then for eight to ten days it is watched every minute of the twenty-four hours so that signs of collapse may be taken in hand at once. If it should collapse and the sticky folds get together, it is just a question of another balloon. Then if the balloon is to be used at once, it is allowed to leave the shop, and after two or three days, given an outer coating, but a very thin one, is given.

If the balloon is not to be used immediately it gets its full size in the shop, and is laid away. Every month, the balloon must be taken out, inflated, given a bath of sun and air, and then repacked. If "this is not done it will die" in less than six months.

The average balloon holds about 14,000 cubic feet of hydrogen gas, is about 26 feet in diameter, contains 25 to 30 segments and weighs about 100 pounds. The net that supports these silk gas balloons in proportion to the cotton, hot-air contrivances, that are used for the ordinary parachute work at the country fairs.

The hot-air balloons are made of specially graded muslin that costs about 30 cents a yard. They are coated only with alum water and a little glue for the first ascension. After the ascent, the muslin is coated with a mixture of oil and kerosene, and the barrel stove and gasoline fires needed to start them skywards close the interior so beautifully that no further "filling" is needed.

"Prof." Leo Stevens, who is completing an airship in which he will race with Santos-Dumont week after next, is said to be one of the leading balloon builders in this country, and gave the following facts about his "ballooning" at Manhattan beach:

He was one of the first to make a parachute jump and did it in Cleveland in 1884. He landed safely, but in Lake Erie, and has been studying aeronautics ever since. He now plans to experiment in his employ \$25 for every jump they make, but he will never trust any one but himself to sit on the balloon.

"It all depends," said he, "on getting your balloon filled quickly with good hot air and releasing it at the instant it is full. If you don't start the balloon right, it won't go up far enough to give the parachute a chance to open, and the whole contrivance does not fill, there is another story entitled 'Horrible Death of Young Aeronaut.'"

"If one knows how and takes a little care, ballooning is the safest sport I know. Such veterans as King and I have ascended through forty years of it without scratch, and every accident I've known has been due to the carelessness of the man who had a man work for me. I want to live a long while, and I want my men to work with the same view in mind."

Many Slot Machines.

Washington Post.

"More slot machines are made in the United States than in all the rest of the world put together," said John T. Mills, a well-known inventor of Chicago.

"Germany, which is next to us in their manufacture of slot machines, has a great many machines compared with ours. A great war has been made on the slot devices which are sold for that clear reason, without a doubt, that they are a little coin in plain English, gambling machines, into which, if you will, the gambler can put his money and get out several times the amount of his investment."

In spite of the crusade against them, not less than \$100,000 worth are put on the market every month, Chicago leading in the output, and selling for \$200 to \$300. At the fashionable seaside resorts rich people patronize the kind that takes a dollar, and the poor the kind that takes a nickel, and the middle class the kind that takes a cent.

"Not long ago the factory with which I am associated sold \$100,000 of these speculative machines to a party in Hong-Kong. They were not intended for use in that city, but their sale in London we did not ask. Chinamen are born gamblers, and they will go against any sort of a game at a white heat."

"The public tries its best to beat the machines with slugs, bad coins, and the like, but their construction is so perfect that they defeat all swindling attempts. Brass coins were for a long time the bane of the machine makers, for they could duplicated the action of nickels. But at length even brass was counteracted, and to-day they are nearly fraud-proof."

Ratline Rhyme.

The blue kangaroo on the wet minaret

Laughed out at the lady of green

To the sad lily pad that it set in a fret,

As it had had a flying machine of its own.

So weep while we creep to the base common-place

Of the delicious coffee and bun;

It's rarely we care, though we face the disgrace

Of the grease spots we see on the sun.

To think Macintosh had a spot pent

When shopping in Kalamazoo!

It was not such a lot, and I meant to dissent,

To slam Rotterdam would not blow up Borden.

As the false misogynists cry,

Then why should we try to bask in snow when we know

We shall meet in the sweet by-and-by?

This may, I should say, sound absurd, but I've heard

Greater nonsense by far in my time.

And read what was said to be great, that I'd stage

Did not have either the wit or the taste

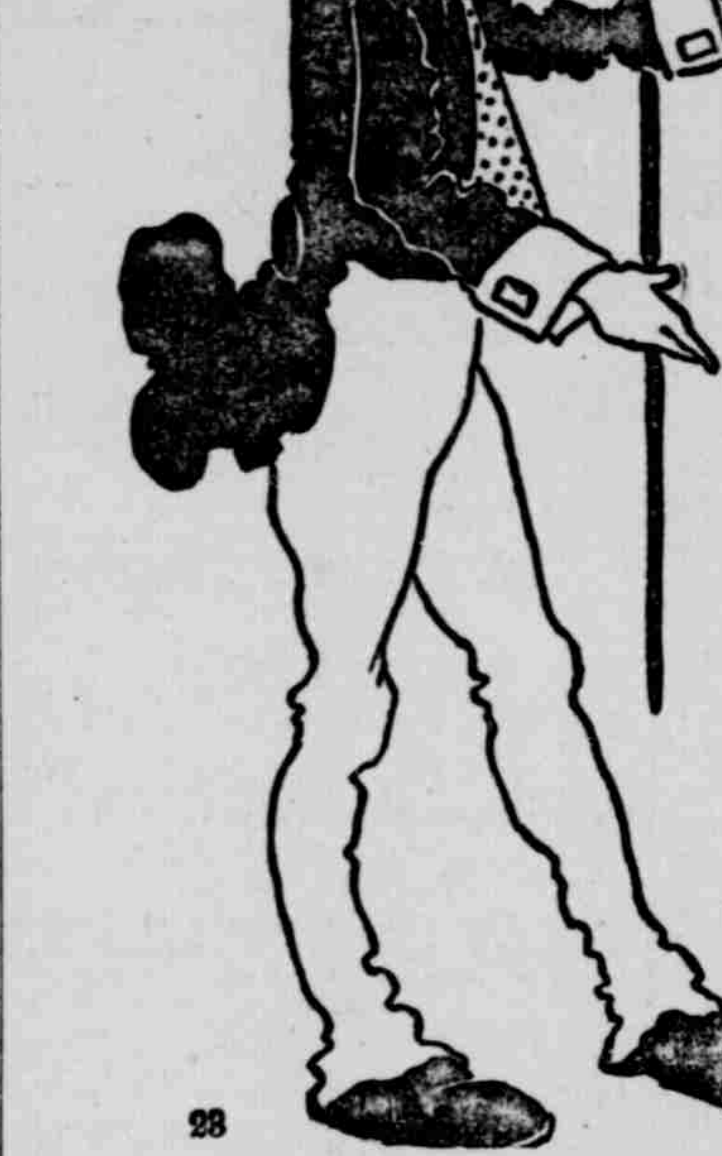
It shows I compose just as well in my cell

As some much cracked-up poets in free.

I've cracked, that's a fact, but some fellow might

Then to join me in gay Kankakee.

—Chicago News.



LUXURY OF PRIVATE CAR

MANY BESIDES RAILROAD MAGNATES ENJOY IT NOWADAYS.

It Costs a Good Deal, but a Large Number of Persons Seem to "Have the Price."

New York Sun.

Use of a private car in this country not many years ago was almost exclusively confined to the officers of railroad companies. The "president's car," or, as it was sometimes called, the "directors' car" was part of the equipment of nearly all the railroads of any, even of a moderate, degree of consequence.

In theory it was a vehicle used by the officers of the road in their necessary trips of inspection over the line. In practice it became very often a junketing conveyance, in which persons connected with the road and having sufficient "pull" frequently took their families or friends on long tours about the country. The car was "dead-weight" from one line to another as a regular part of the then existing code of inter-railroad courtesy.

Many of these cars were very luxurious and expensive in their appointments. The extravagance in this respect did not stop at interior decorations and embellishments. There was no objection to those days to proclaiming the fact that you were traveling in a private car. The exterior decorations looked in the private car, the distinctive decorations which emphasized the fact that it was a private car hinted broadly at the status of the owner. The decorations of the stumps and the sanctum took up the car. Railroad "magnates" were roughly divided into two classes, as blotted characters wallowing in downy depths of upholstery as they traveled. They never rode or sat in their private cars, in the bygone language of the day. They were always "dolled." The railroad magnate looked in his private car was a character kept conspicuous in the public eye.

One result of all this was that in the private cars absolutely necessary decorations of great railroads, the external adornments were kept down to the last limit. The interiors might be as elaborate and elaborate as you pleased, but that was counted the best car in which its outward appearance looked as near like an ordinary sleeper as possible.

A PLAIN EXTERIOR.

But the use of private cars with the lacres of wealth and the development of car-building plants and car-building skill steadily grew. Furthermore the beauties and luxuries of the free-to-all sleeping, dining and observation cars have been so greatly augmented, especially since the Chicago exposition, when the then rival Pullman and Wagner companies were in competition, to see which could turn out the best and most luxurious thing on wheels, that now the president and directors' cars, by comparison with those used by the ordinary traveling public, are distinguished externally only by their sober, unattractive outward appearance.

That the fact that something had to be done, as a matter of fact, where one private car is now used by a railroad "magnate" a dozen are used by plain, everyday American citizens who like luxury in travel and have got the money to pay for it. Within the last ten years, especially since the era of prosperity, the private car has become an everyday sight in the great migratory seasons of persons with wealth.

The private car service of the Pullman Company has been very rapidly on the increase for several years back. And with its increase the private car travel of the railroad "magnate" has proportionately decreased. The Pullman Company uses the car for the legitimate purpose for which it was called into being. When he wants to take his family or his friends on a pleasure tour across the continent, to the Yellowstone, to Mexico or to Florida, however, he goes to the Pullman Company and rents a car or a train and pays his mileage on the railroads he goes over just as though he had no connection with railroading himself.

Perhaps the evolution of the Pullman private car for pleasure travel may be said to date from the time when, some years ago, the company took two sleeping cars, one for the Pullman Company and one for the Pullman Company, and fitted them with gun racks and dog kennels and began leasing them to hunting parties going long distances to remote wilds, where the car became the hotel and general starting and rounding-up headquarters.

Then came the construction of private cars for long distance travel pure and simple.

Not yet reformed.

Warden—Here's the lady that takes so much interest in you. She wants to know what you want the most.

No. 32674—Tell her to send me a railroad ticket and draw de groun' floor plan to her house, an' I'll be much obliged.

Age of Concentration.

This is an age of concentration. In All Baba's time it took forty thieves to do what nineteen have done in St. Louis.

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Jim Dumps possessed a mother-in-law!

He'd argue, and plead, and rave, and jaw,

Till one glad day to table came

A dish of "Force": Bless name and fame!

Now wife's ma can't bother him,

For "Force" has made him "Sunny Jim!"

"FORCE"

The Ready-to-Serve Cereal

permits no argument; it is unrivaled.

Sweet, crisp flakes of wheat and malt—eaten cold.

"Force" is without exception the best cereal food on the market. Our trade reports that customers have never before praised any like article so highly. It's a wonder. Hurry forward our next car.

Now the company has from twenty to twenty-four of these cars almost constantly in use.

Persons wishing to charter one of these cars simply notify the nearest Pullman agency. If he wishes it the company will also buy the requisite number of tickets for him and save him that bother, although the railroad transportation is a matter entirely between the traveler and the railroad company. He tells the Pullman company on what day and by what train he wants to go and when he reaches the railroad station his car is there awaiting him.

THE CHOICE OF PLACE.

It is an unwritten law that private cars are attached to the rear end of the train, though the exigencies of railroad service may make it necessary now and then to put them somewhere else. But it is generally understood that the person who pays for hauling a private car is entitled to the privacy which the rear end of the train gives.

In chartering a car for private use the cost includes not only the use of the car, but also the services of attendants and use of linen, toilet supplies, etc. Where commissary service is included, the rate also covers the services of cooks and waiters as well as the use of tableware, kitchen utensils, and in a word, all that goes to make up the equipment of the traveling hotel, which the car in reality is. The cost for any of the cars above named is \$5 a day for not less than thirty